

A COLLECTION OF

JENNY LIND'S
FAVORITE BALLADS

AS SUNG AT

Her **Concerts.**

1. MY HOME, MY HAPPY HOME.

2. THE DREAM.

3. IVE LEFT MY SNOW-CLAD HILLS.

4. FAREWELL MY FATHERLAND.

5. CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

6. TAKE THIS LUTE.

25 Cents

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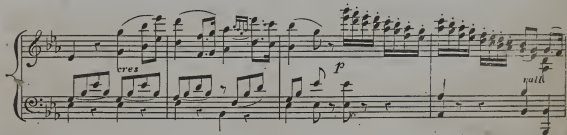
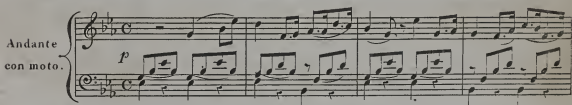


THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

English words by Charles Jefferys.

Music by Donizetti, Arranged by C.W. Glover.

THE ARGUMENT. During the occupation of the Tyrol by the French and after a skirmish between the hostile ranks, an infant child was found alone in their camp by the 11th Regiment of the Grand Army of Napoleon: by that Regiment she was fostered and beloved, and all were proud of the charming Vivandier: Maria, the name given to the child, upon the attainment of her 18th year was discovered to be the daughter of the Marchioness de Berkenfield: and by her removed to a sphere more consonant to the dignity of her birth: still the affectionate girl found it impossible to shake off the attachment of her childhood, and being reproached by her mother with want of pride, defended herself in the words of this song, which is so exquisitely sung by the renowned Cantatrice, JENNY LIND, in the Opera of "LA FILLE DU REGIMENT," as to entitle it to be called the gem of the Opera.



Quando il de.... sti..... no in mex.... so a stage ri..... a nel lor

1. Ask me not why my heart with fond e... mo.... tion Beats for the
2. Chide me no more, were I de.... void of feel..... ing Would my in

se...no faneul...ia mi get...to! ca...si han rac...col...to la mi...se...ria

brave companions of my youth? Had they not tend...ed me with love's de...
grat.....i...tude not wake thy fears? Worthless would be this moment's fond re...

mi.....a, e i pri...mi pas...si mie.....i cia seun gui...do po...treh...be

vo.....tion I had not liv'd, a...las, to prove my truth: A help...less
veal...ing, If I could cast a...side the ties of long long years. Thou hast my

mai di...men-ti-earth il cor.....se non e.....si.....sto che per lor a...

babe upon the field I lay, And but for them my life had pass'd a
love; thine is a mother's claim, To them for...get not that thou owest the

more.....a'e sisto pel loro a....mor Quando il de...

way My life had pass'd a...way: Ere I for...
name, My mother, my mo.....ther dear, Ere I can

all...no in mez.so a strage ri...a nel lor se...no fanciulla mi a-t.
 get, then all their lov-ing kindness Bring o'er my heart oblivion of the
 cesse to think of all their kind-ness Bring &c.

...to, es..el han rac...col...to la mi...se...ris mi....a ei pri.mi pas..al
 past: But when you win for me that fatal blindness, In mercy let that

mie....i cia.....scum gui....do.
 a piacere
 moment that moment be my last.

dim

